AMES' Series of

STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

No. 69.

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MOTHER'S FOOL.

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

W. HENRI WILKINS.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUME, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN AND ENGLISH THEATRES.

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MOTHER'S FOOL,

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

BY

W. HENRI WILKINS,

Author of Rock Allen the Orphan, Three Glasses a Day, Fun by the Bushel, The Yankee Family, Etc., Etc.

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[1879.

MOTHER'S FOOL.

P5635
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CHARACTERS.

Captain Thunderbolt.....

Triangles.....Colored Servant.

Augustus Selwell.....

Toby Thompson.....Mother's Fool.

Hans Glyvanham.....

Cinnamon Collins.....

Polly Pineapple.....With soaring anticipations.

COSTUMES—Modern.

Time of playing—Forty-five minutes

Mother's Fool.

ACT I

SCENE—*Captain Thunderbolt's office. Table* C., *on which are various papers. The walls of the office are hung with show bills of different kinds. Captain at table.*

Capt. Bother upon bother! What a vexatious life the show business is. Help drunk, weather bad, light houses, and so on *ad infinitum*. However my arrangements for the coming season are pretty well under way. But to cap the whole climax, I've just had mother Thompson's foolish son thrust upon my hands. If I had known he was so badly demented, I would never consented to his coming here. Yet I could not refuse his mother, for her husband gave me quite a lift in my younger days; so out of courtesy to her I let him come. His visit will soon be over, so I must try and put up with him. But to business. I certainly thought my card in the *Clipper* would be responded to ere this. What I am in pressing need of, is a good trustworthy person to act as a private secretary; in fact, a kind of confidential agent, who can, if occasion requires, take charge of my business during my temporary absence. (*rings bell.*

Enter Triangles, L.

Triangles I'm dry.

Tri. Yes, massa Cap'n. What shall I fetch ye?

Capt. Bring me a bowl of punch, right away, do you hear?

Tri. Yes massa Cap'n, I'll be spry. (*exit* L

Capt. That servant has got so he can't make a decent punch, and he causes me trouble in many other ways. He's quarreled with Toby every day since he's been here. However he and Dolly get along nicely, and I suppose none of us are perfect, so I may as well keep him. (*takes out watch*) Why, Augustus should have been here by this time. Maybe he's in the house with Dolly. Augustus would make a good husband for Dolly, and if he asks her, I hope she will not say no. Although he is a comparative stranger, he's got good blood in his veins, any one with half an eye can see that.

Enter Triangles, L., *with punch.*

Tri. (*placing punch on table*) Here's de punch, massa Cap'n.

Capt. Very well, you can go. But mind you'r in readiness if I should ring. (*exit Triangles,* L.) That beverage looks inviting. (*sips punch*) I declare this isn't so bad after all. I'll give that boy credit of fixing it up right once in his life. (*sips punch. Rap* R., *Capt. puts punch on table.*

Enter Cinnamon, R.

Cin. How dye du Squire? give me a grip at that quarter of beef. (*takes Captain's hand and shakes it.*

Capt. Well sir, how's this? Couldn't you wait to be invited in? What took you here?

Cin. (*points to his boots*) Them fellers.

Capt. Will you please be so kind as to state your business?

Cin. You want a private scratchetary, don't ye?

Capt. A what?

Cin. Why, a feller to answer your dunnin' letters, lick postage-stamps, and make himself generally useless.

Capt. Ah, I see! Do you think you are qualified for such a position? (*sips punch.*

Cin. I have faith to believe, boss, that I'm just the chap for the bizness. I can cabbage all the money, hug all the women, and if you should come to the fightin' part, a common man ain't no more side o' me than a fly is side of a bullfrog.

Capt. You seem to have quite an exalted opinion of your talents. Are you a performer on the stage.

Cin. U-m-m-m, I guess I be, that's my home. I'm a variety performer. Double song and dance. If ever I Cease to Love, and so forth and so on. Dab in and Fight 'em.

Capt. Well, I regret to say that I am not yet prepared to engage the services of any one. You are my first applicant and I must take a short time to consider the matter in. (*sips punch.*

Cin. Well, while you are considerin' spozen ye give a feller a mouthful to stay his stomach with.

Capt. Certainly if you are in need of something. What will you have?

Cin. Don't care whether I have suassengers or taller candles.

Capt. You are anxious to shine I see.

Cin. Yes-sir-ee. All my family haz riz' higher in skience, and throwed out more rays of light than any professor, lecturer, phrenologer, astronologer, or any other ologer, of these or any other times.

Capt. Come, come, (*going* L.) this way. Take yourself to the kitchen. I'll talk with you on a full stomach.

Cin. Sartin—Come boots get up. (*clucks, exit* L.

Capt. Ha, ha! what a genius. If that is a specimen of my applicants, I fear my arrangements are not as near completed as I imagined.

Enter Toby, L.

Toby. Uncle, come go fishin' with Toby.

Capt. Toby, why do you insist upon calling me uncle? I am not your uncle.

Toby. Well you ought to be my uncle, hadn't you uncle?

Capt. Toby, you insinuate without knowing it, but never mind. However it will be impossible for me to go fishing with you. Are you particularly anxious, Toby?

Toby. Oh, I like to fish. I like to see the fishes squirm when I hook 'em. I been fishin' every day since I come to see you. I keep my little hook baited all the time.

Capt. Very well then. You can go without me. (*rings bell.*

Enter Triangles, L.

Tri. Here be I am massa Cap'n.

Capt. Another punch Triangles, you did well on this last one.

Tri. (*aside*) Golly! massa Cap'n'll be all punched up 'fore long.

Toby. Punch! I like punch.

Tri. Massa Cap'n, what's that feller round here for, any way?

Capt. Oh, never mind him Triangles, he's somewhat demented.

Tri. He's a fool, ain't he? (*Toby laughs silly.*

Capt. You're impertinent, sir. Go bring the punch!

Tri. Oh, I'll tend to him, right away. (*exit* L.

Toby. Uncle, what's a fool?

Capt. What a question Toby, what makes you ask such?

Toby. 'Cause the boys and girls say: Toby's a fool. And that Augustus man said I was my mother's fool. Has mother got a fool, uncle?

Capt. You must not mind what Augustus said. You'd better be off to your fishing now.

Toby. Oh, I like to fish! I'll ketch that Augustus man on my little hook, if he calls me mother's fool. I like to fish. (*exit* L.

Capt. Poor young man, what an object of pity. Augustus had better show his gentlemanly manners, by keeping such remarks away from the ears of Toby. I have heard that persons of his class were perfectly furious, if their temper is once aroused.

Enter Triangles, L., *with punch.*

Tri. Here's de oder punch. (*places punch on table*

Capt. I see. You can go now.

Tri. If you want another punch I can give it to ye.

Capt. That will do sir, go! (*Triangles exit* L.) One thing I have omitted, which must be attended to. I must make out my order and take it down to the printer right away. (*sips punch. Rap outside,* R) Come in!

Enter Hans, R.

Hans. Dish ish goot day. (*grasps Captain's hand.*

Capt. Yes, a very nice day. Can I be of service to you?

Hans. You ish de man vot I saw in de baber? (*shakes hands.*

Capt. (*holding a tight grip*) Oh, you have called in answer to my advertisement?

Hans. (*trying to release his hand*) Yaw. By jingoes! dat is no goot.

Capt. My good friend, that was a regular yankee grip.

Hans. Vell, I don't like some of dose yankee grips.

Capt. Be so kind as to make known your business. I have no time to waste.

Hans. I ish one great brofessional man. (*steps to table and drinks punch.*) Dht ish goot.

Capt. Here sir, put that down.

Hans. It ish all down. (*puts down bowl.*

Capt. (*angrily*) Did you come in here to trifle with me in this manner? Sir if you don't state your errand at once I'll put you out. Your name at once sir!

Hans. It ish Hans Glyvenham.

Capt. How do you manage to spell such a jawbreaker as that?

Hans. H-a-n-s Hans, that's the Haus, G-l-y Gly, that's the Hans Gly v-a-n van, that's the Hans Glyvan, h-a-m ham, that's the Hans Glyvanham.

Capt. Well, I must say that is one of the worst spells I ever heard of. Did you come for the purpose of making an engagement to travel with me?

Hans. Yaw, dot vas my idea. I vants to go 'roun der coontry mit you, und sing mine leedle songs. Bud I ash had no dinner, und mine appodide is pooty good.

Capt. Oh, if you are hungry I'll feed you. First door to the left leads to the kitchen. (*aside*) Here's another famished star. (*aloud*) Right that way sir, first door to the left, I say.

Hans. Ish dot sho? (*going, sings*) "Sourkrout ish 'bully, I dink it's pooty fine, I guess I orter kno' coz I eat him all de dime." (*exit,* L.

Capt. A fine specimen of Dutch ballad singing truly. This is making

engagements with a vengeance—on my pork and beansI'll leave those two professionals to their fate, while I call on the printer. (*rings bell.*

Enter Triangles, L.

Tri. I'm come, massa Cap'n.

Capt. Triangles, I'm going out on business for a short time, I want you to stay in the office, and if any one calls, tell them I will be back in half an hour or less.

Tri. All right massa, I'll tend to de business. (*Captain exit,* R.) Yah! yah! yah! Specs I'll run dis shanty for a little while to suit myself. (*seats himself at table and busies himself with the Captain's papers, dips pen in ink and occasionally appears to write a few words*) Dis am (*taking up paper*) one ob de papergrams for de fust performance.

Enter Augustus, L. C.

Aug. Ah, Triangles, busy I see! What are you doing now?

Tri. Yes—I's goin' to be de autor ob my own biography.

Aug. You mean to say, you are writing your own autobiography?

Tri. Yes—Recollections of a busy life; busy as a fly in a tar barrel. Bought forty reams ob paper and a gallon ob red ink, and a gross ob steel pens.

Aug. No doubt there must have been some *steal* about it if you were concerned. And when your auto—— what d'ye call it is finished, you doubtless intend to make an auto da fe—burn it up?

Tri. I'd hab to be pooty well feed to make me do dat. You know dar was a time when I stood high in de perfession.

Aug. That's why they call you a *high old actor,* I suppose?

Tri. Yaas, dats it. I make my fust appearance in tragedy.

Aug. Ah, indeed! In what part?

Tri. Why, in all de parts. I carried a banner too; and when I rounded de footlights, such a storm of 'plause busted out from de specletaters, golly! you'd tought de house was afire. "O, what legs!" yelled out one feller in de pit. "Walk up lively young spindleshanks!" hollered out anoder. And den de nickles come rattlin' around me.

Aug. They were only quizzing you Triangles. And at that eventful moment of your life you were the counterpart of a boiling spring, because you were a *guy sir.*

Tri. Only know dat I was bilin ober wid indignation. But I paid 'em back for it. Yaas, I paid 'em back. "Show me de feller dat said spindleshanks!" said I, and wid dat I jump' down into de pit, and begin lamin around me, regardless ob expence. You'd ought to seen de buttons fly. When I'd licked 'em all, de manager cum in, and says he "You're my mutton. Any one dat can sling folks around in dat way, can beat Forrest in Damon." "I know I'm some at dammin' and cussin,'" says I, "ax dem galoots if I ain't." Well you wouldn't beliebe it, but it am a fact, de manager gib me an engagement, and a long night-gown from the wardrobe, right off, and put me up for Damon.

Aug. But my colored friend, how is it that I find you here? Your engagement there must have been more lucrative than it is here, doing the Captain's drudgery.

Tri. More what?

Aug. Why I merely wanted to find out why you didn't continue to play Damon?

Tri. Well, you see I got to dammin so much, de boss turned me off.

Aug. I see, you were too heavy for the part. Do you want to earn same money?

Tri. Neber was in more pressin' need ob it. Dis yere am my whole wardrobe.

Aug. Can you keep a secret?

Tri. Foreber. I'll lock it in my own buzzum, and carry it wid me to de grabe.

Aug. (*giving money*) Very well, here's a dollar. Now I want you to find out, if you don't already know, the combination to the Captain's safe.

Tri. Didn't know de Cap'n had any darnation in his safe.

Aug. I mean the numbers he uses to open the lock.

Tri. Dat must be de little verse de Cap'n says ober when he gets on his marrer bones to open de door. Golly, I know what dat is.

Aug. Well, what is it?

Tri. Shan't tell, 'coz you gib me a dollar to keep de secret.

Aug. Well, I'll give you five dollars if you will tell me.

Tri. Pass ober de stamps, and I'll say de poitry. (*Augustus gives money*

Enter Toby, L.

He say, "4-11-44, two turns to de right, and open de door." By golly dars dat fool.

Toby. I'm a fool. I'm mother's fool. But I like to fish.

Aug. Never mind him, he's a perfect dolt. (*aside*) Now I'll take a look for the Captain's bonds. If Triangles is right about the combination, I shall have no trouble. (*aloud*) Remember Triangles, not a word.

Tri. Not so much as a lisper. (*exit Augustus*, C.

Toby. I've got my little hook all baited; I like to fish. (*exit* C.

Tri. Once more I'm master ob ceremonies, and six dollars in de bank.

Enter Cinnamon, L.

Cin. I say you black an tan feller, where's the Captain?

Tri. I'm de black feller what can tan your hide. De Cap'n's on a leabe ob absence for a short time.

Cin. Darn it then, I've got to come agin.

Enter Hans, L.

Come, Dutchy lets be going, the Cap'n's gone away.

Hans. Ish dot sho? Vell I dond like dot pooty vell.

Cin. Come on Germany. We'll come again before supper,

Hans. (*singing*) "Sourkrout ish bully, etc. (*Both exit* R.

Tri. By golly! I wonder dem fellers didn't pick my pockets. (*takes out money and lays on table*) I wonder what Dolly's beau axed me dat six dollar question for? I jess like to talk all day to him at de same rate. (*knock* R., *Triangles crams money in his pocket*) Come in sah.

Enter Polly Pineapple, R.

By golly it's a gal!

Pol. Young man, will you have the goodness to inform me whether the manager of the Hippacollosiculum is at present in readiness to grant your humble servant an interview?

Tri. (*astonished*) De who, ob de what, am a when—For de Lawd's sake who be you?

Pol. You astonish me sir, you do indeed. Where are your manners young man? I have called in response to the card, inserted by Captain Thunderbolt, in the last number of our favorite periodical.

Tri. Am dat so Missus? What be your special line ob business?

Pol. My voice young man, my voice is my greatest attraction.

Tri. I tink quite likely dat am so, 'coz I knowed 'twant yer face.

Pol. How dare you address such language to a lady who has, from childhood up, been reared among the green hills of New England, and revelled in the glorious beauties of nature, and whose greatest delight has been to wander over the verdant meadows, and inhale the sweet fragrance of the new mown hay, which during the bleak winter is stored away to appease the hunger of a well stocked barn.

Tri. By golly! I ax yer pardon missus. (*aside*) Ef she don't beat all de specimens ob femenine peticoated scare-crows dat eber come in range ob dis chile's vision. (*aloud*) Let's hear you unrabel de remainder ob dat skein.

Pol. Well sir, it has long been my greatest ambition to appear before the footlights, and pour forth to the fun-loving world, in accents of sweetest melody, the productions of earth's greatest authors. It is for this purpose that I have invaded these precincts, to apply for such a situation where my greatest wish may be gratified.

Tri. Well you see de Cap'n's out just now, and it's too much ob a 'sponsibility to take on my shoulders, so you'll hab to call again.

Pol. Many thanks. *Au revoir.* (*exit* R.

Tri. (*laughs*) Dat critter beats all de specimens ob dry goods and "night blooming cereus" dat eber I looked at. (*laughs—a short pause*) Well once more I'se de boss *protem* ob dis yere shanty, an' while I'm watin' fer bizness, I'll ges see if I can 'peat dem lines ob Bill Wigglesperes' dat I used to speak so fluidly. De scene am in "De lady mid de lions." Where Claude gits de gal so sweet mid his lies, dat she slopes mid him. (*steps to one end of table, and with slight but significant gestures, recites the following a la Shakespere.*)

'Twas in a deep vale shut out by old pine treezes,
Near de big pond, whar swims de ducks and geeses,
Persimmons sweet, and sweet potatoes grows,
And de essence ob de sunflower salute de nose.
In a little hut made out ob logs ob pine.
Covered all ober wid de mornin'-glory's vine;
There love we'd sit and often wonder
If anything could tear asunder, two lovin' hearts like ours.
We'd know no peoples 'cept dose who had de dollars,
And dem dat wore good clothes, and de biggest kind ob large shirt collars.
Read de "Spirit ob de Age" and dare we'd see, how many pesky scamps dar be,
Sent by de Judge up for thirty days;
Boarded by Hewitt at public expense, to mend dar ways;
Den de telephone reports we'd read, ob scalawags killed in showers,
And smile to tink what a happy fate was ours;
And in de ebenin' when it darkly got,
We'd illuminate de kitchen wid de old pine knot,
Breathe sighs ob love tho' stars and moon,
While eatin' supper off de roasted coon;
And petreoleum lamps from Cleveland straight,
Should help to keep us wide awake;
And ebery wind should pass de still house on de green,
Loaded wid perfume ob whiskey made ob Woodruff's kerosene.
Ah! in such a home to take you I would wish,

Enter Captain, R.

By Golly! say boss, what's de price ob fish?

Capt. What are you up to here, you black scamp? What have I to do with the price of fish?

Tri. Why, you see Cat'n, dat fool, dat da-mented feller, goes a-thin' so much, I thought ef he had any sort ob luck you'd want to sole some.

Capt. Stuff and nonsense! Let me hear no more such talk. Has anything of importance transpired during my absence?

Tri. Well I should think dar hab. Only jes a short spell ago one ob de mos splendiferous angels you eber seed come in here, and wanted to know if de managum of de Rhinoceros war in. When I tole her in de negative,

she commenced ladlin' out her slack jaw, and by garry mighty! I frought she never'd stop unwindin'.

Capt. Probably another applicant in answer to my card. You told her to call again, of course?

Tri. Oh yaas, she'll be back. She got her eye on me.

Capt. You can go now, till I ring.

Tri. All right, Cap'n. (*strikes attitude*) "He who steals my good name steals trash; but he who steals my purse steals six dollars in cash." (*exit* L.

Capt. The block-head's stage struck I do believe. Now I'll just step into my sleeping room and get the money, and go up and pay Hank White for that watch I bought of him. Hank stuck me on that, he's sharp since his experience in the ninety-nine cent business. (*exit* C.

Enter Toby, L.

Toby. The weather's gittin' foggy. Nice weather to fish. *Shiners* make the best bait to catch *eels* with.

Enter Captain, hurriedly.

Capt. Tornadoes and hurricanes! volcanoes and earthquakes! someone's been——— (*sees Toby.*

Toby. Hullo, Uncle! somebody's been fishin' in your pond, hain't they?

Capt. (*aside*) Heaven's and earth! I should think so. But I must keep mum before him.

Toby. It's that Augustus man. I don't like him uncle, he calls me mother's fool. Be I a fool uncle?

Capt. Don't bother me with so many foolish questions, Toby. (*aside*) Can it be that Toby hit the mark unawares? Who would take the liberty to enter my private apartment, except my servant. Ha! I'll question him. (*aloud*) Toby I would like to have you withdraw; I have matters of a private nature to attend to.

Toby. (*to himself*) He thinks like all the rest, that Toby's a fool. Oh dear! what a fool, a fool is. But I like to fish. (*exit* L.

Capt. Now to question that servant. (*rings bell.*

Enter Triangles, L.

Triangles, I am about to ask you a question, and I shall expect you to tell me the solemn truth.

Tri. Proceed Cap'n. I wouldn't tell a lie fer a dollar.

Capt. Very well. The fact is, some one has been into my safe and has changed the combination, so that I am unable to open it. Now Triangles, you are the only one that knows the way to open it.

Tri. Bress de Lord! I hope you don't tink I'd do dat?

Capt. I hope not, but I must say that circumstances are very much against you.

Tri. I didn't do it massa. I swar I didn't. I tole yer I wouldn't tell a lie fer a dollar and I wouldn't I swar I wouldn't. Don't look at me dat way Cap'n.

Capt. Is there any one whom you would suspect, Triangles?

Tri. Not a suspect, Cap'n; dar hain't nobody been here only dat oderifferous angel and dat fool. Golly, massa! I tink now dat fool's de chap what has busted de consternation.

Capt. I cannot, for a moment, think that Toby would do such a thing, even if it were possible, besides how could he have learned the combination?

Tri. Don't know massa, I neber tole a libin' soul.

Capt. This is indeed a mystery. Stop! now I recall what the idiot said when I first came in. Triangles, go send Toby to me at once.

Tri. Yaas sir. (*aside*) By golly! I hope I'll get out ob dis. (*exit* L.

Capt. Have I taken that brainless being into my household, to be paid

in this manner? I shall soon find out, depend upon it. Yet I am half inclined to think that that darkey knows something about the matter. If I find he has meddled with my private affairs, I'll give him such a hauling over the coals as he won't be likely to forget in a hurry.

Tri. (*outside*) Go right along in dar, you poor fool.

Enter Triangles and Toby, L.

Here's de wictim, Cap'n.

Capt. Toby, I have undoubtedly lost a sum of money. My safe has been tampered with, so that I am unable to open it, and therefore do not know the extent of my loss. Do you know anything about it?

Toby. Ha! I know what money is. I like money.

Capt. But Toby, did you have a hand in the theft?

Toby. Oh, yes! I've got my hand in it. I know where the money is. I like money.

Tri. Dar Cap'n, dat's what I tole yer. I knowed you'd rep de whirlwind when ye let dat da-mented feller come here.

Capt. I never was more astonished in my life. Toby, unless you immediately make restitution in a proper manner, I'll let the law take its course.

Tri. (*imitating*) Yaas sir, ef yer don't immegiately shake yer constitution in a proper manner, I'll let dis paw take its course.

Toby. Oh I don't want to be hung. I'll get the money back. But I like to fish.

Capt. Undoubtedly this is your first offense, and if the money is returned within an hour all will be well. How did you learn the combination?

Toby. I'll get the money back. I know the combination, 4-11-44.

Capt. Sure enough, I'm not worried now so much about the money; but the mystery grows deeper and deeper. (*knock* R.) Triangles, see who is there.

Tri. (*goes to door* R., *looks out*) Oh! (*returns*) It's dat lubly angel.

Capt. Why don't you show her in you block-head.

Toby. Ha, ha! I know what a block-head is. (*Triangles goes to door.*

Enter Polly Pineapple, R.

Tri. (*introducing Polly, bowing nearly to floor*) Dat's de man you're arter right dar. (*points to Capt.—aside*) By golly, don't I wish she'd git arter me.

Polly. Thanks to the powers that be I have succeeded, after my multitudious ramifications, in finding the person, whom something tells me, is to be the means of my reaching the very acme of fame, amidst the galaxy of brilliant stars which cluster and sparkle with such resplendent brilliancy in the firmament of the musical world.

Tri. Don't dat beat anything ye ever heard, boss?

Capt. Will you be quiet sir? (*to Polly*) Really, I feel flattered by that visit. In what way can I be of service to you?

Polly. My dear and respected sir, noticing your delicate appeal in the periodical of the profession, I have hastened to your presence with the fire of hope burning in my breast.

Tri. Golly, Cap'n! her breast's all afire? Let's put it out.

Capt. Stop your noise! (*to Polly*) Ah, madam! If I understand you aright, you are here in answer to my card? (*Polly bows*) You wish to travel? (*Polly again inclines her head*) You are a bird of song I presume?

Polly. Oh sir! the chivalry of the divine art of music has garlanded my chaplet with the fairest and sweetest flowers that bloom in the *parterre* of beauty, whose fragrance will impregnate with redolency, every impulse of a generous heart. The brightest star that radiates the galaxy of fascinating women, shines upon and illumines my pathway, with her bland smile and alluring light, whose resplendent effulgence, glowing with undimmed lustre, each revolving season will pilot the ingenious victor of so estimable a prize to the haven of happiness.

Tri. She must be wound up fer eight days.

Polly. I feel that my life is destined to be crowned, with the richest and most beautiful jewel that gleams in the casket of song, whose diamond brilliancy will color with a more vernal hue, the laurels already wreathed around my brow, gleaned from my voyage down the stream of time. Future joys and blessings, as exquisit and hallowed as those engendered by a shower of roses, scattered down by the hands of the Peri from the far off gardens of Paradise, are sure to crown my future career, and increase with the lapse of years.

Tri. (*strikes attitude*) See dat splendifferous angel from de barn-yard ob Paradise, wid a chaplet of posies restin' on her cranium, and from whose tear-dimmed eyes dar gleams a brilliancy ob more venomus hue, which increases as she lops her ears.

Capt. (*angrily*) I'll break every bone in your black body, if I hear another word from you unless you are spoken to. (*knock* R.) Excuse me for a moment madam. Triangles, go to the door and see who is there, and show them in.

Tri. (*goes to door*) Right dis way, gemmen.

Enter Hans and Cinnamon, R.

Hans. Vell now vy you dond gonclude dot bargain vot you broked off in der middle, ven you runned avay ond lefd us in der gitchen?

Cin. By beesnas yes, we don't want to be fooled round this way. Is that your gal Cap'n? I vum! she ain't nothin' very killin.'

Hans. Yah, dot ish she, ef ye dond dold us der reason ve shall have satisfaction mid der pishtol.

Capt. Well, well, my good friends, you are a little too fast. Recent circumstances of a very trying nature have transpired which have rendered me totally oblivious to your claims.

Hans. Ish dot sho? Vell vot's der madder mit you any way?

Cin. Yes, what's the row? Spit 'er out.

Enter Augustus, L.

Capt. Upon my return a short time since, I discovered that I had been the looser of a large sum of money.

Hans. Ish dot sho? Vell dot vash doo bad.

Tri. Yaas, but I tole de Cap'n de fool what stole it.

Toby. (L. C., *back*) Ha! I now what a fool is, I'm a fool. I'm mother's fool. (*Polly starts, Hans and Cinnamon exchange glances of surprise.*

Polly. Oh, heavens! My dear good Captain protect me. Have I fallen unawares into the presence of a maniac?

Capt. Rest assured, good lady, you shall not be harmed. That is a poor demented being, perfectly harmless I assure you.

Aug. Captain, my dear sir, what is this I hear, did I understand you to say you had been robbed?

Capt. You did sir. My safe was opened, but the guilty one is discovered, so no material harm will result, I am quite sure.

Aug. I feel relieved to hear you say so, for I should dislike very much to have such an occurrence happen while I was an inmate of your house.

Toby. (*goes up behind Augustus and quickly springs handcuffs upon his wrists*) Liar! Thief! Scoundrel! I've got you at last, you smooth tongued villain. The slippery eel that I've fished for so long, has at last swallowed the bait. I've followed you all the way from the city, that I might reap the honor which this denouement assures. I tracked you to this place and took advantage of my mothers' old time acquaintance with that man, whom you, but a short time ago, attempted to so basely rob. I, played the fool with what success you have seen. Augustus Selwell, alias, John Simms, I arrest you for the crime of forgery on the Speedwell National Bank.

(*all appear greatly astonished.*

Capt. Who would have suspected it?

Polly. Oh! I faint. (*nearly falls but is supported by the Captain.*

Hans. Py Zhiminy!

Cin. By thunder!

Tri. I spec I'll loose all de wool on dis yere cocoanut now.

Aug. By what right sir, I ask, are you attempting to play this practical joke upon an innocent man? Who are you?

Toby. (*opens his coat and shows the badge of a detective*) I am Howard Tobias Thompson, the detective. (*removes false wig and beard*) No doubt my countenance is now familliar to you. And by my right I now proceed to search for the missing bonds. (*reaches into his breast pocket and draws forth a package*) Here my friends is the absolute proof of his guilt, and which I saw him take from your safe Captain, which he was enabled to open, by taking advantage of your servant's knowledge, and by bribery, causing him to reveal the secret combination. They thought the presence of the poor fool was no hinderance to their plans.

Capt. My astonishment increases with every moment. Triangles you have forfeited your honor. (*Triangles begins to tremble*) In consideration of the property's having been restored, I will not molest you. But leave my service at once and forever. Go!

Tri. Yaas Cap'n. I'se sorry to have any sich occurrance happen in de family, but I'se innocent ob any bad intentions. (*aside, going* R.) By Golly! I'se got six dollars, an' dat's more'n I ever got workin' fer dat old galoot. (*exit* R.

Capt. (*advancing to detective and extending his hand*) Accept my humble apology for my previous estimate of you, and rest assured that I am truly grateful for the service you have rendered me, as well as the community at large.

Toby. No apology is necessary, because I succeeded in fooling you all, it only goes to prove that I played my part in a successful manner.

Aug. I can testify to that as far as *my* experience goes.

Toby. I am glad of that; I feel flattered that it is so. (*to audience*) And I am vain enough to believe that our friends here, have 'ere this, made up their minds, that there are even greater fools in the world than, Mother's Fool!

Situations at close.

R. *Cin.* *Hans.* *Toby.* *Aug.* *Capt.* *Polly.* L.

40. *THAT MYSTERIOUS BUNDLE.* A Farce in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla. 2 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, a plain room. A Variety peice, yet can be performed by Amatuers, etc. A Mysterious bundle figures in this farce, which contains a———. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

41. *WON AT LAST.* A Comedy Drama in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve, 7 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, drawing-room, street and office. Every character is good. Jennie Hight starred on the character of "Constance" in this play. Amatuers can produce it. Time of performance, 1 hour 45 minutes.

42. *DOMESTIC FELICITY.* A Farce in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes modern. Scene, a dining room. The name fully describes the piece. Very funny. Time of performance, fifteen minutes.

43. *ARRAH DE BAUGH.* A Drama in 5 acts, by F. C. Kinnaman, 7 male, 5 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, exteriors and interiors. A most exquisite love story in a play, abounding in scenes of great beauty. The depth of woman's love is beautifully shown. Time of performance about two hours.

44. *OBEDIENCE, OR TOO MINDFUL BY FAR.* A Comedietta in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 1 male, 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, plain room and bed room. An old fellow who thinks he is very sick, becomes vely peevish and particular. A plot is formed to break him of his foolishness. Very amusing. Time of performance twenty minutes.

45. *ROCK ALLEN THE ORPHAN, OR LOST AND FOUND.* A Comedy Drama in one act, by W. Henri Wilkins, 5 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes interiors. Time, during the Rebellion. This play represents the real "deown east" characters to perfection. An old man and woman are always quarreling, and their difficulties are very amusing. Time of performance, one hour and twenty minutes.

46. *MAN AND WIFE.* A Drama in five acts, by H. A. Webber, 12 male, 7 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery exteriors and interiors. This drama is one of intense interest and is a faithful dramatization of Wilkie Collins' story of the same name. This is said by competant critics to be the best dramatization published, and it should be in the hands of every dramatic company in the country. It has become a great favorite.

47. *IN THE WRONG BOX.* An Ethiopean Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 3 male characters. Costumes, peddler's and darkey's dilapidated dress. Scene, a wood. Characters represented, a darkey, an Irishman and a Yankee. Time of performance twenty minutes.

48. *SCHNAPPS.* A Dutch Farce in one act, M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, burlesque German. Scene, a plain room. A neat little piece for two Dutch players, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, 15 to 30 minutes, at the pleasure of the performers.

49. *DER TWO SUBPRISES.* A Dutch Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, peasant's, and old man's and old woman's dress. Scene, a kitchen. A very neat little sketch, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.

50. *HAMLET.* A Tragedy in five acts, by Shakespeare, 15 male, 3 female characters. Probably no other play by the immortal Shakespeare is produced as frequently as this one. It needs no description. Time of performance about two hours and thirty minutes.

51. *RESCUED.* A Temperance Drama in two acts, by Clayton H. Gilbert, 5 male, 3 female characters. This play visibly depicts the dangerous consequences of falling into bad company, the follies of the intoxicating bowl, and shows that even the pure love of a noble girl will be sacrificed to the accursed appetite. The solemn scenes are balanced by the funny portions, and all in all the play is a grand success. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors some neatly and some handsomely furnished. Time of performance one hour.

52. *HENRY GRANDEN.* A Drama in three acts, by Frank Lester Bingham, 11 male, 8 female characters. This drama is sensational in a high degree, abounding in thrilling scenes among the Indians, hair breadth escapes, etc. It should be purchased by every dramatic company that wish something to suit the public. Costumes not hard to arrange. Time of performance two hours.

53. *OUT IN THE STREETS.* A Temperance Drama in three acts, by S. N. Cook, 6 male, 4 female characters. Wherever this drama has been produced it has been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Listeners have been melted to tears at the troubles of Mrs. Bradford, and in the next scene been convulsed with laughter at the drolleries of North Carolina Pete. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. Time of performance, about one hour.

54. *THE TWO T. J's.* A Farce in one act, by Martin Beecher, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes of the day; scene an ordinary room. This is a capital farce and has two male characters excellent for light and low comedians. Good parts also for old and young lady. Time of performance thirty minutes.

55. *SOMEBODY'S NOBODY.* A Farce in one act and one scene, by C. A. Maltby, 3 male, 2 female characters. Scene, interior. Easily arranged in any parlor or hall, as it can be produced without scenery. Costumes modern with the exception of Dick Mizzle's which is hostler's and afterwards extravagant fashionable. This most laughable farce was first produced at the Drury Lane Theater, London, where it had a run of one hundred and fifty consecutive nights. It is all comic, and has excellent parts for old man, walking gent, low comedy, walking lady and chambermaid. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

56. *WOOING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.* A Farce in one act and one scene, by John T. Douglass, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, handsomely furnished apartment. Costumes of the day. Probably no poor fellow ever wooed under more distressing difficulties than the one in this farce. It all comes about through a serious misunderstanding. A crusty old man, and a quarrelsome and very important servant go to make the farce extremely funny. Time of performance thirty minutes.

57. *PADDY MILES' BOY.* An Irish Farce in one act, by James Pilgrim, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scenes, exteriors and interiors. Costumes eccentric, and Irish for Paddy. Probably there is not an Irish farce published so often presented as this one, but it is always a favorite and is always received with great applause. Time of performance 35 minutes.

58. *WRECKED.* A Temperance play in two acts, by A. D. Ames, 9 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, drawing room, saloon, street and jail. Costumes modern. The lessons learned in this drama are most excellent. The language is pure, containing nothing to offend the most refined ear. From the comfortable home and pleasant fireside, it follows the downward course of the drunkard to the end. All this is followed by counterfeiting, the death of the faithful wife caused by a blow from the hand of a drunken husband, and finally the death of the drunkard in the madhouse. Time of performance about one hour.

59. *SAVED.* A Temperance Sketch in two acts, by Edwin Tardy, 2 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, street and plain room. Nicely adapted to amatuers, Time of performance twenty minutes.

60. *DRIVEN TO THE WALL, OR TRUE TO THE LAST.* A Play in four acts, by A. D. Ames. 10 male and 3 female characters. For beauty of dialogue, startling situations, depths of feeling, there is none on the American Stage superior to this one. The plot is an exceedingly deep one, and the interest begins with the first speech, and does not for a moment cease until the curtain falls on the last scene of the last act. The cast is small and the costumes easily arranged. It can be played on any stage. It has parts for Leading Emotional Lady, Juvenile Lady, Leading Man, Villain, Character Old Man. First Old Man, Comedy, etc.

61. *NOT AS DEAF AS HE SEEMS.* An Ethiopean Farce in one act. 2 male characters. Scene, a plain room. Costumes exagerated and comic. Extremely ridiculous and funny. Time of performance 15 minutes.

62. *TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.* A Temperance Play in five acts, by Wm. W. Pratt, from T. S. Arther's novel of the same name—7 male, 3 female characters. This edition is rewritten, containing many new points, and is the best ever presented to the public. Nothing need be said in its praise, as it is too well known. It is often played, and always successfully. Time of performance about two hours.

63. *THREE GLASSES A DAY,* Or, The Broken Home. A grand Moral and Temperance Drama, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. First-class characters for Leading Man, Villain, a genuine down-east Yankee, which is also very funny; also Leading Lady, and a tip-top Comedy Lady. If a company wishes something with an excellent moral, at the same time running over with genuine humor, buy this. Time of performance about one hour and thirty minutes.

64. *THAT BOY SAM.* An Ethiopean Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room and common furniture. Costumes, comic, to suit the characters. Very funny, and effectually gives the troubles of a "colored gal" in trying to have a beau, and the pranks of "that boy Sam." Time of performance twenty minutes.

65. *AN UNWELCOME RETURN.* A Comic Interlude, in one act, by Geo. A. Munson. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a dining room. Costumes. modern. Companies will find this a very amusing piece, two negroes being very funny—enough so to keep an audience in the best of humor. Time of performance, twenty minutes.

66. *HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.* A Dutch Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler, 3 male, 1 female character. An exceedingly funny piece. Hans figures as a Justice in the absence of his master, and his exploits are extremely ludricous. Costumes modern. Scene, plain room. Time of performance, twenty minutes.

67. *THE FALSE FRIEND.* A Drama in two acts, by Geo. S. Vautrot. 6 male, 1 female character. Simple scenery and costumes. First class characters for leading man, old man, villain, a rollicking Irishman, etc. also a good leading lady. This drama is one of thrilling interest, and dramatic companies will invariably be pleased with it. Time of performance, one hour and forty-five minutes.

68. *THE SHAM PROFESSOR.* A Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 4 male characters. This intensely funny afterpiece can be produced by any company. The characters are all first class, and the "colored individual" is especially funny. Scene, a plain room. Costumes, simple. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.

69. *MOTHER'S FOOL.* A Farce in one act, by W. Henri Wilkins. 6 male, 1 female character. Like all of Mr. Wilkins' plays, this is first class. The characters are all well drawn, it is very amusing, and proves an immense success wherever produced. Scene, a simple room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, thirty minutes.

70. *WHICH WILL HE MARRY.* A Farce in one act, by Thomas Egerton Wilks. 2 male, 8 female characters. Scene, a street. Costumes modern. Easily arranged on any stage. A barber hears that one of eight women has fallen heir to some money, not knowing which, he makes love to them all. This, together with the revenge the females have upon him, will prove laughable enough to suit any one. Time of representation, thirty minutes.

71. *THE REWARD OF CRIME, OR THE LOVE OF GOLD.* A Drama of Vermont, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins. 5 male, 3 female characters. A drama from the pen of this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Characters for old man, 1st and 2d heavy men, juvenile. A splendid Yankee, lively enough to suit any one. Old woman, juvenile woman, and comedy. Costumes modern. Scene, plain rooms and street. Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes. Easily placed upon the stage, and a great favorite with amatuers.

72. *THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.* A Farce in one act, by R. J. Raymond. 5 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. This farce is easily arranged, and can be produced on any stage, in fact, in a parlor. The pranks of the doctor's boy will keep an audience in roars of laughter, every line being full of fun. Time of performance, thirty minutes. Order this, and you will be pleased.

73. *AT LAST.* A Temperance Drama in three acts, by G. S. Vautrot. 7 male 1 female character. This is one of the most effective temperance plays ever published. Good characters for leading man, 1st and 2d villain, a detective, old man, a Yankee, and a capital negro, also leading lady. The temptations of city life are faithfully depicted, the effects of gambling, strong drink, etc. Every company that orders it will produce it. Costumes modern. Scene, Mobile, Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes.

74. *HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.* A Farce in one act, by Henry J. Byron. 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, parlor, supposed to be in the rear of a grocers shop. Costumes modern. Whiffles the proprietor of the grocery, has a mother-in-law who is always interfering with his business. Various expedients are resorted to to cure her—a mutual friend is called in. who, by the aid of various disguises frightens the old lady nearly to death, finally Whiffles gets on a "ge-lorious drunk," and at last triumphs. A perfect success. Time of performance, thirty-five minutes.

16. *THE SERF.* A Tragedy, in five acts, by R. Talbot Esq.. 6 males, 3 female characters. Good parts for 1st and 2nd Tragedian, and Tragic lady. The character of Ossip is very powerfully drawn. The history of his early love—of his marriage—the indignities he is made to suffer, and the death of his wife, is highly wrought; and his sarcastic levity and deep revenge are unfolded with a terrible earnestness. Scene, apartments in castle. Time about 2 hours and a half.

17. *HINTS ON ELOCUTION AND HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.* This valuable work has just been published, and contains valuable instructions that amateur actors, and every one that ever expect to make a favorable appearance in public, cannot do without it. It teaches you how to become a good and efficient reader, reciter, debater, a good actor, how to hold an audience silent, and treats on every subject that is necessary to be acquired in order to become a good and pleasing actor.

18. *THE POACHER'S DOOM.* A Drama in 3 acts, curtailed and arranged by A. D. Ames, 8 male, and 3 female characters. A thrilling drama, always a favorite. Leading man, villian, two comedies, old man, leading lady, comedy lady, etc. Costumes modern. The situations in this play, are most excellent. Time of performance, 1 hour and a half.

19. *DID I DREAM IT?* A Farce in one act by J. P. Wooler. 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, drawing room. The question "Did I Dream it" is what the farce is founded upon. Very strange things happen, and a nice little love scrape helps to color the plot. A good piece. Costumes simple. Time of performance 45 minutes.

20. *A TICKET OF LEAVE.* A Farce in one act, by Watts Phillips, 3 male, 2 female characters. A play written by this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Scene, a sitting room, plain furniture. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 35 minutes. This is an excellent farce.

21. *A ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT.* A Comedietta in one act, by Arthur Wood, 3 male, 3 female characters. A most excellent little play, well adapted for school exhibitions, lodges, amatuers, etc. The scenery is simple, being a plain room, is always a favorite with every company which plays it. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

22. *CAPTAIN SMITH.* A Farce in one act, by E. Berrie, 3 male, 3 female characters. This excellent little farce is equally well adapted for school exhibitions, etc., as No. 21. The dialogue is sparkling, not a dull speech from beginning to end. The plot simple, the piece easily performed. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

23. *MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.* A Farce in one act, by William Brough and Andrew Halliday, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, exterior of house in the Highlands. Costumes, simple Highland. This farce is easily produced and very effective is full of fun, caused by the mishaps of two characters, who go from the city to the country, and do not know a pig from a roebuck, nor a turkey from an ostrich. Time of performance, 25 minutes.

24. *HANDY ANDY.* An Ethiopean Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, a kitchen. Costumes, exagerated and comic. The difficulties in procuring a good and suitable servant are most ludicrously set forth in this farce. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

25. *SPORT WITH A SPORTSMAN.* An Ethiopean Farce, in one act, 2 male characters. Costumes, exagerated sportsman's dress, and boyish dress. Scene, a wood. Time of representation, 20 minutes. A tip top negro farce.

26. *THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.* A Drama in one act, by William Dimond, 9 male, 4 female characters. Scene in-door and forest. Costumes, Swiss. Rosalvi, the hunter of the Alps leaves his home to procure provisions to keep his wife and children from starving, meets Felix, a lord, and demands, and finally implores of him money. Felix moved with compassion gives him money and goes with him to his hut, and there discovers they are brothers. There is some fine comedy in it. The story is beautifully told. Time of performance 1 hour.

27. *FETTER LANE TO GRAVESEND.* An Ethiopean Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, plain room. Costume, exagerated and comic. The two characters, Ike and Hystericks are very funny, and will keep an audience in roars of laughter. Short, easily produced, and a tip top farce. Time of performance 15 minutes.

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28. *THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY.* Madison Morton, 4 male, 2 female characters. arranged. Costumes to suit the characters. Th appreciated, and is a good one as are all of Madison Morton's plays. The comedy characters are excellent. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

29. *THE PAINTER OF GHENT.* A Play in one act, by Douglass Jerrold 5 male, 2 female characters. Scene in Ghent. Costumes of the country and period. This is a beautiful play of the tragic order. The character of the "Painter of Ghent," is one of grandeur and fine language. He becomes insane at the loss of children, and being a painter, paints their portraits from memory. A daughter whom he supposes dead, returns to him, and he recovers. A grand play. Time of performance, 1 hour.

30. *A DAY WELL SPENT.* A Farce in one act, by John Oxenford, 7 male, 5 female characters. Scenery simple. Costumes, modern. Two clerks in the absence of their "boss" conclude to shut up shop, and have a spree. They get into several scrapes with the females, have numerous hair breadth escapes, and have a terrible time generally. Very amusing. Time of performance, 40 minutes.

31. *A PET OF THE PUBLIC.* A Farce in one act, by Edward Sterling, 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, parlor. Costumes, modern. In this farce, the lady assumes four distinct characters, either of which is good. For an actress of versatility, it is a splendid piece, and amatuers can also produce it without trouble. It can either be used for a principal piece, or an afterpiece. Time of performance, 50 minutes.

32. *MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.* A Comedietta, in one act, by Walter Gordon, 4 male, 1 female characters. Scene, plain apartments. Costumes, modern. A pleasing little piece well suited to amatuers, school exhibitions, etc. A fellow marries, her relatives comes to see her, are much more numerous than he has an idea of. The denouement is funny. Time of performance, 45 minutes.

33. *ON THE SLY.* A Farce in one act, by John Madison Morton, 3 male, 2 female characters. Scene, plain apartment. Costumes, modern. Husbands, don't never fall in love with your wive's dress makers—never squander your money foolishly, never do anything "on the sly," for your wives will be sure to find it out. This farce explains it all. Time of performance 45 minutes.

34. *THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.* A Melo Drama in two acts, by Charles Somerset, 7 male, 3 female characters. Scene, castle, chamber and wood. Costumes, doublets, trunks, etc. A most excellent Melo-Drama. Plenty of blood and thunder, with enough jolly, rollicking fun to nicely balance it. A great favorite with amatuers. Time of performance 1 hour and 30 minutes.

35. *HOW STOUT YOU'RE GETTING.* A Farce in one act, by John Madison Morton, 5 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scene, a plain room. This is another of Morton's excellent farces. The comedy characters in it are nicely drawn, and it always is a favorite. Easily produced. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

36. *THE MILLER OF DERWENT WATER.* A Drama in three acts, by Edward Fitzball, 5 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, easily arranged. This is a touching little domestic drama, abounding in fine speeches, and appeals to the better feelings of one's nature. The "Miller" is an excellent old man. Two comedy characters keep the audience in good humor. Time of performance, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

37. *NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.* A Comedy, in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve 6 male, 5 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, simple and easily arranged. Every character in this comedy is in itself a leading character, and every one very funny. Probably there is not a play in the language in which every character is so funny as this. Time of performance, 1 hour 40 minutes.

38. *THE BEWITCHED CLOSET.* A Sketch in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scene, Parson Grime's kitchen. Costumes modern. A lover goes to see his sweetheart, hides in a closet. Old man appears on the scene, thinks the closet bewitched. They upset it. Old man is frightened—runs away. Everything right etc. Time of performance, 15 minutes.

39. *A LIFE'S REVENGE.* A Drama in 3 acts, by Wm. E. Suter, 7 males, 5 female characters. Costumes, French, period 1661. Scenery, palace, gardens, prison. Can be arranged by amatuers but is a heavy piece. A fine leading man, heavy man, a glorious comedy, etc. Also leading lady, juvenile lady, comedy lady, etc. This drama was a favorite with Harold Forsberg. Time of performance, 2 hours and 15 minutes.

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